

# Taber Free Press

VOL. III, No. 26

TABER, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1909.

\$1.50 YEARLY

**PUBLIC NOTICE.**  
A Sitting of the District Court will be held at TABER, on Tuesday, September 21st.

S. B. Woods,  
Deputy Attorney General.  
Dated at Edmonton,  
13th September, 1909.

**Doric Lodge, No. 31**  
A. F. & A. M., G. R. A.

Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon over McAskill Store, Railway St. Visiting brethren cordially welcome.

J. T. STEPHENSON, W.M.  
E. C. MOE, Sec'y.

**TABER LODGE**  
No. 23

Meets every Thursday Evening in Railway Street over McAskill's store at 8 o'clock. Visiting Brethren always welcome.

S. E. MYERS, N.G.  
H. P. MUNRO, R.S.

**H. C. Myers**  
BARRISTER AT LAW, SOLICITOR & Notary Public for the Eastern Townships of Taber, ALBERTA.

**MONEY TO LOAN**

**A. Hargman, M.D., C.M.**  
I.R.C.P. & C. (London) & L.D.S. (London) & F.R.C.S. (London)

Physician and Surgeon.  
Successor to Dr. Lang.

Office hours: 10 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., 2 to 6 p.m.  
Home: Dr. Lang's late residence. Phone No. 3.

**D. A. Taylor, M.D., C.M.**  
SPECIALIST.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.  
Stafford Block, Lethbridge, Alta.

Office hours: 9:30—12 a.m., 2—5 p.m., 7—8 p.m.

**R. A. VanOrman**  
CONTRACTOR, BUILDER.

All work guaranteed in every way. Estimates given on all classes of buildings.

**SHIELLS**

HARDWARE  
STOVES AND  
GRANITEWARE

**W. BRUSH CRUBB**  
Insurance: Fire, Life, Accident

Reeves Traction Engines.

**REAL ESTATE**

**Come and See**

OUR

**NEW STOCK**

OF

**CLOTHING**

Just Arrived

**A. Potter & Co**

Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters

TO MEN WHO KNOW

## Afternoon Social at Lone Star.

That the pioneers of our outlying districts do not neglect the exercise of these little social amenities and observances which go so far towards making life's pathway pleasant, was evidenced by a very enjoyable function held a few days ago at the residence of Mrs. Whitson, of Lone Star.

Mrs. Whitson, assisted by Mrs. Willson and Mrs. Clum, entertained a large number of acquaintances to a "five o'clock tea," in honor of their mutual friend, Mrs. Ellsworth, who with her son, has been spending the summer at Lone Star, for the benefit of the latter's health, and intends returning shortly to her home in Nebraska. The afternoon was spent in a delightful manner, one particularly interesting feature being a guessing competition, in which each guest was required to fill in the names of the ladies present, at the end of a certain number of sentences, one name to each sentence, there being one sentence for each lady of the party. Three ladies braved in completed lists. Mrs. Brundton was awarded the prize, as her paper was the first received with all names placed correctly.

The tables were very prettily decorated, a unique feature being the placing of a lovely bouquet, tied with pink ribbon, beside each plate, souvenirs of a pleasant afternoon. The party dispensed with many regrets at Mrs. Ellsworth's departure from Lone Star, accompanied by sincere wishes for a pleasant journey, and kindly sentiments for the future. And so ended one of the most delightful events in Lone Star society.

**DEATH OF MR. J. FINDERS.**

(Contributed.)

The death of Mr. John Finders took place on the morning of the 9th inst., after an illness of about two weeks' duration, at his country home 12-12-18. It is with feelings of deep regret that we chronicle the death of another worth pioneer of frontier life. Mr. Finders had entered upon his 60th year, being born on May 4th, 1850, near Springfield, Ill., and was still full of vigor and energy, defying not only in transforming the prairie into grain fields for his own satisfaction, but was also interested in the welfare of the community, and the development of the country in every way. While he was still young, his parents located near Marshalltown, Iowa, where he grew to manhood, and met and married Miss Eliza A. Hammond. Five children, four daughters and one son, were born to them, all of whom survive to mourn the loss of a godly husband and father. Later in life, Mr. Finders moved to North Dakota, and from thence, about three years ago to this country. While many feel the loss of a leader, and many more the loss of a friend, the deepest sympathy is felt for, and extended to the sorrowing wife and family in their bereavement, by the whole community. Last Sunday morning, Evangelist A. McCombe, in the course of his address at the morning service at the Lone Star Appointment, made some touching references to the death of Mr. Finders, and the loss thereby sustained to the neighborhood and Mission Field.

**Phosphonol—The Electric Restorer for Lost Manhood**

Restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality; cures all sexual weakness; cures all cases of prostration; cures all cases of impotence; cures all cases of spermatorrhea; cures all cases of nocturnal emission; cures all cases of early decay; cures all cases of general debility; cures all cases of nervous prostration; cures all cases of mental depression; cures all cases of physical exhaustion; cures all cases of chronic disease; cures all cases of acute disease; cures all cases of all diseases.

For sale by all druggists.

Price \$1.00 a box, or two for \$2.00. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. The Scott's Drug Co., St. Catherine's, Ont. For sale by Alberta Drug Store.

17-4

**Dr. de Van's French Female Pills—the Wife's Friend**

A reliable regulator; never fails. While these pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system, they are strictly safe to use. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$5.00 a box, or three for \$10.00. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. The Scott's Drug Co., St. Catherine's, Ont. For sale by Alberta Drug Store.

17-4

## ILL-FATED SHIP.

Mystery and Tragedy That Encompassed the Great Eastern.

There was a mystery about that ill-fated ship. Nothing went right with her. She stuck at the launch, and it cost an extra \$250,000 over and above the usual cost for the purpose of getting her into the water. On her trial trip her boilers burst, killing some of the crew. Then she ran aground and was so seriously damaged that the crew thought her surely bewitched. She had started badly. While she was making a pay check sent by one of the contractors with \$5,500 in wages, the men disappeared. It was not mutually assumed that he had bolted with the money. His wife and family were left unprotected for, with the stigma of his supposed crime upon him.

Thirty years after her launch the Great Eastern went into the cemetery at Birkenhead to be broken up. While she was being taken to pieces the ship's brothers discovered between her inner and outer casings of steel the skeleton of a man. Papers which had fallen from his clothes enabled his identity to be traced. It was the skeleton of the pay clerk who thirty years before had disappeared. There was no money; that was never recovered. The supposition that the poor fellow on going on to the ship was possessed upon by workmen who knew that he had the money with him; that they stabbed him as he was passing in the side of the vessel to complete, crammed his body in and built him up in it. No reward would have induced a culprit to sail in that vessel had he known of the terrible secret sealed up in her walls.

**LAFCADIO HEARN.**

The Way the Writer Got Even With the Heartless Editors.

"Lafcadio Hearn, that wonderful writer, worked on newspapers in his youth," said a publisher, "and the ruthless way his rivals were changed, cut and butchered was a great waste of life." "After years Hearn took a mail-cloak job in collecting stories about editors—editors and their superior and more numerous with the manuscript." "One of his stories was of an editor to whom a subscriber said: 'I enjoyed that paper on the three pages of news in today's paper, Mr. Hearn. I enjoyed it immensely. Do you know, though, I thought that it was a waste of time.'"

"So it was, sir, so it was," said Mr. Hearn, "and I was very angry. Yes, the editor was originally written the seven pages of news, but I had to cut it down for lack of space."

"Another story concerned a weather report. A reporter, discussing the weather, wrote that winter still lingered in the lap of spring."

"The editor as he read over the article called the reporter up to his desk and told him that he would cut out that sentence about winter lingering in the lap of spring. He said the idea was good enough and original and all that sort of thing, but it would not do to publish because the high moral tone of the paper had to be maintained in a town full of school girls."

**Staring at Royalty.**

Invitations are every corner of any shape of being looked at. They are there to be seen, and both the king and queen when they go to the opera and wear their gloves on the occupants of the box seats are openly amused by the disconcerted looks of persons who feel alarmed under the inspection of a line of self-consciousness is left in the face of an English royalty, with the exception of perhaps a single Duchess under an artillery of glances. Her attentions are anything but respectful. Indeed, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire used to say that when he noticed her cousin to turn round and look at her in the street she would know her reign was over.—London Chronicle.

**Didn't Agree With Him.**

A carpenter with was recently inspecting a farm owned by him and operated by an old friend who had passed into service every member of his family, including his aged father. "The old man must be getting along in years," said the owner. "Yes, dad's high on to ninety," was the reply. "Is his health good?" "Well, no. The old man ain't been himself for some time back." "What seems to be the matter?" "I dunno, sir. A guess farming don't agree with him no more."

**Dr. de Van's French Female Pills—the Wife's Friend**

A reliable regulator; never fails. While these pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system, they are strictly safe to use. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$5.00 a box, or three for \$10.00. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. The Scott's Drug Co., St. Catherine's, Ont. For sale by Alberta Drug Store.

17-4

## Church Services.

St. Theodore Church.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 8 p.m.; Evening Prayer, 7:30 p.m. Holy Communion, 11 a.m. first Sunday in each month and 8:30 a.m. on third Sunday in the month.

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.—Sunday school at 10 a.m. every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p.m. Sunday evening service at 8 p.m.—Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, every Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p.m. Knox Church.—Morning Service, 11 a.m.; Bible Class and Sunday School, 2:30 p.m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Wednesday C.E. Prayer Meeting 8 p.m.

## IRRIGATION IN B.C.

The system of irrigation employed by Ed. Taylor, gardener, at Grand Forks, B.C., is as interesting as it is unique. A large water wheel of the wide paddle type is turned by the force of the water in the river alongside the garden, and this wheel is geared to a force pump which sends a constant stream through a hose on to the garden land some twenty feet above the water level. Only a loose stone ridge is used to guide the water into the narrow current that passes under the wheel and supplies the power. As the water works day and night and the hose is shifted to different parts as needed, plenty is easily supplied to all the fifteen acres cultivated and the production upon the soil is amazing. Practically everything good for the table grows to abundance in this garden.

**ADDRESS BY W. D. HAYWARD**

Last night a well-attended meeting, in the Miners' Union Hall, listened to a stirring address, delivered by Mr. W. D. Hayward, formerly the secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, on "The Class Struggle in the West." The speaker described, with telling effect, the horrors of the present system of "wage slavery," and gave a short account of the conspiracy which resulted in the trial at Boise, Idaho, and which nearly caused his death. He showed his hearers that their only salvation lies in industrial combination, and urged them to do what they could to bring about Socialism by sending men of the right stamp to Ottawa. He also believes that by granting the vote to women, a better condition of society will be arrived at. These views were received very enthusiastically by the audience. At the close of the meeting a collection was taken up.

## Alberta Fair List.

The following are the dates set by the annual convention of the Alberta Agricultural Fair Association for the fairs to be held in Alberta in 1909:

Leduc, September 21.  
Daysland, September 22 and 23.  
Sedgewick, September 24.  
Lloydminster, September 27.  
Innisfail, September 28 and 29.  
Vegreville, September 29.  
Vermillion, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.  
Viking, October 5.  
Nanton, September 20 and 21.  
Pincher Creek, September 22.  
Magrath, September 23 and 24.  
Cardston, September 28 and 29.  
Taber, September 30.  
Irwin, October 1.  
Didsbury, October 5 and 6.  
Ponoka, October 6 and 7.  
Lacombe, October 7 and 8.  
Three Hills, October 12.  
Pridia, October 14.  
Alix, September 29.

## EASTMAN KODAKS

AT  
CATALOGUE PRICES

From - \$1.00  
To - \$35.00

The Alberta Drug & Stationery Co.

## LATEST MILLINERY

We beg to call the attention of the Ladies of Taber and district to the opening of our

## TABER MILLINERY PARLORS

East of the Palace Hotel, on  
Wednesday and Thursday, September 22nd and 23rd.

When our Miss Witherspoon will display the

Latest Styles in Autumn Millinery

L. & J. McLean, The Milliners

Lethbridge and Medicine Hat.

## TABER TRADING CO.

WHAT YOU WANT WE HAVE

Full Stock in all Lines.

Specials this week:

Preserving fruits:

Prunes, \$1.50 per crate.

Peaches, \$1.80 per crate.

Last of the Season.

Ogilvie's Royal Household

Best on the Market, \$3.50 per 100.

We have just opened fall shipment of Dry Goods.

See our Dress Goods.

Clothing, Boots, Shoes and Hardware the usual Good Values.

Machinery Department:

Wagons, Plows, Wheeled Rigs, &c.

## JOB PRINTING

Of every description

At the

Free Press Office











## LOCALS

Joe Cream, made from pure cream, 50c. qt. Taber Bakery. 13-4f

E. A. Robbins was a visitor from Purple Springs this week.

R. P. Wallace came down on a business trip on Tuesday afternoon's train.

Mrs. Dr. Leech returned on Monday from a long visit to friends in Manitoba.

Miss MacArthur, of Prince Albert, Sask., is visiting her sister, Mrs. B. W. Wright.

Mr. Keith, of Lille, has taken up his duties as principal of Taber public school.

Boost for the Fair. Tell your friends about it. Don't forget the date, September the 30th.

The threshing outfits have been very busy in the immediate vicinity of the town for the past week.

Mrs. Jas. Stephenson is entertaining her mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss McInnis, of Winnipeg, this week.

See D. W. Coulter, field salesman, Atlantic-Pacific Land Syndicate, at Union Hotel, Taber, if interested in buying or selling land, wholesale or retail. 3-4f

Walter Zohell has purchased the farm of B. K. Bullock, which is situated at Raymond. The property consists of 230 acres, and the price is reported to have been in the neighborhood of 30 dollars an acre.

The Stewart and Matthews Land Co. had the misfortune to lose a good horse a few days ago. Whilst standing in the stable, the animal's head caught between the feedbox and the manger, and in its struggles to get free, the horse broke its neck.

Building operations continue very active in town. Contractor Wildman has work well under way on Dr. Leech's new residence south of the track. Mr. Malo's fine brick block on Main Street is rapidly nearing completion, and our enterprising hardware merchant, R. D. Shiels, is extending the rear of his fine business block, in order to keep pace with the demands of the trade. Mine Host Hobson is also having a fine brick addition built on the east side of the Royal Hotel.

H. F. Annable, the local representative of the Great Northern Land Co., is now occupying commodious offices in the Douglas Block, where he has a magnificent collection of grains, grasses, etc., on exhibition, showing what is being grown in the Taber district. For the past few days, Mr. Annable has been busily engaged showing a large party of land-seekers over the country surrounding Taber. The party, brought in by Mr. Smellie, of Minneapolis, occupied two railway coaches.

Rev. Mr. Fortune spent a busy day in Taber last Sunday in the interests of the Alberta Moral and Social Reform Association, of which he is the representative. In the morning and evening he preached to large congregations in Knox Church, his sermons being particularly directed to the need of the abolition of the bar rooms, gambling dens, etc., etc., which are becoming so prominent a factor in the everyday life of the West.

In the afternoon, the rev. gentleman addressed a mass-meeting in the L.D.S. Church, delivering a very strong plea for moral reform. At the close of the meeting, a strong local branch of the association was organised, the following officers being elected: President, R. Th. secretary, Hugh Johnson, Committee, J. A. VanOrman, chairman, Rev. J. L. Munro, Rev. D. Jones, Messrs. A. Beck, T. Sundal, S. J. Francis, R. A. Harding, and J. M. Holmes.

## Manitoba Grain Growers' Association.

To the Members of the G.G.A.

Office of the Secretary.  
Winnipeg, Sept. 3rd, 1909.  
The following letter from the Secretary of the M.G.G.A. has been addressed to all the members:

Dear Sir,  
The situation regarding the marketing of grain at country points, this season, has taken a sharp turn. In recent years the grain dealers charged one cent commission on all track wheat, and a difference of from 8 to 10 cents per bushel between street and track. This season, they are offering to handle track wheat without commission, and take street wheat into their elevators, if sold to themselves, at a margin of 1c. below Fort William, less freight from point of shipment.

The reason for this sudden and drastic change of front on their part is quite apparent. The Grain Growers' Grain Company, which was organised some three years ago, has, in that time, handled upwards of 14 million bushels of grain. Last year, it became a strong factor in maintaining the price of wheat, and, in this way, became very obnoxious to the elevator interests. But what concerned them most is the fact that if the Farmer's Agency continues the same rapid progress for the next three years as it has done in the past, they will wholly regulate the marketing of our grain, and be in a position to place our grain on European markets direct from the farm.

It was known by those who keep in touch with the grain situation that the United States grain speculators, associated with Peavey and Patten, were for some years gradually getting control of the storage facilities of Western Canada. They were first introduced to us as the British American Elevator Co. The next move was to lease the C.N.R. Terminals at Port Arthur. About the same time, the Canadian, Imperial, International, North Star, and others, were organised by capital supplied by the same interests. Eighteen months ago, they secured control of the Winnipeg Elevator Co., and later the Dominion, the last falling into their hands being the Northern, the strongest company in the elevator business throughout the West. The same capitalists control the C.N.R. terminal elevators at Port Arthur by lease, and own the Empire and Consolidated at Fort William. They are, this season, building two more terminal elevators at the Lake Front and doubling the capacity of the Consolidated and Empire. It will thus be seen at a glance that all the terminal elevators, with the exception of the C.P.R., and all the interior elevators, with the exception of a very small number owned privately, are under U.S. control. In other words, they are held by Patten and Peavey and their associates. There only remains those owned by the large milling companies. So that we are face to face with the stern fact the large milling firms form the only barrier to complete control of our elevator system by the men who control the grain system of the United States.

Although the elevators, owned by the large milling firms are not directly connected with the U.S. control, it is well known that the Ogilvie Milling Co. has been for years, one of the worst of grain speculators. During the continuance of the famous "Fatten Corner" the Daily Press, at intervals, gave lists of some of the associates of Mr. Patten who shared in his millions, and invariably F. W. Thomson, of the Ogilvie Milling Co., appeared in the lists. So it is apparent that no relief can be expected from that quarter.

Last fall, the farmers sold their wheat at from 85 to 95 cents per bushel, but during the six months from February to July the same wheat sold from 25 to 30 cents more. This year they pursued the same tactics and sold a large portion

of the crop in Liverpool in June and July. It is estimated that 20 million bushels were sold in Europe before the 1st of August. Now they are trying to get it at a price that will net them at least 10 cents per bushel.

There is some misapprehension in the minds of many as to the true character of the Grain Growers' Grain Co. Not a few farmers, and most business men regard the Company as being similar to any other commission firm, charging for services rendered, with a view of earning dividends for its shareholders. This is an erroneous idea, and does not at all express the true purpose of the undertaking.

Some two or three years after the organisation of the Grain Growers' Association, and when its members began to understand the system under which our grain was marketed, the leaders of this movement clearly saw that no modification of the "system"—which in its operation caused so much loss to the grain producer—by legislation or government regulation, would result in permanent benefit, the only effective remedy being to provide an agency through which our grain product could be marketed by ourselves, in this way cutting out all middlemen who do not render adequate service in the distribution. They therefore conceived the idea of establishing the Grain Growers' Grain Co., which in essence is the farmers themselves placing their grain direct with this consuming miller. This can only be done by charging a fixed rate per bushel for the service, and anything over actual cost of handling goes back to the producer, either in the form of a dividend or in creating conditions for better and more economical handling of grain. This fact is clearly set forth by the experience of the Company.

They made the same charge as the other grain dealers, and in two years they increased their capital by \$80,000 out of earnings. The farmers who sent their grain to the Company now own that money, while if they had patronised the regular dealers they would have nothing left of the one cent per bushel commission paid.

"The Grain Combine" clearly foresees the disaster that would result to their business by a continuance of the success of the Grain Growers' Grain Co., and the word has gone forth that their successful career must be checked by inducing farmers not to patronise their own agency. At every shipping point there are from two to eight elevator agents with instructions not to allow any grain to be shipped to the Grain Growers' Grain Co., or to any commission house not friendly to the combine. Any and every inducement will be offered farmers, and every kind of story told, to divert their grain from their own company. An instance came to my notice a few days ago, when a farmer had two cars of wheat ready to ship to our company. One elevator man got after him and convinced him that the price he offered was better than could be paid by the G.G.G. Co., while, as a matter of fact, had he shipped to the Farmers' Co., he would have netted 2c. per bushel more than he realised.

The farmer should remember that no one can handle his grain for nothing, and that no one can handle cheaper than we can ourselves, and that anything paid our company over cost of handling comes back to the farmer in some form or other.

I want to especially press on the farmers, the fact that if the Company this year does as good business as last, they will have capital enough out of earnings to build a terminal elevator of our own for next year's crop, if the Government does not, in the meantime, come to our aid, and thus check the manipulation that is going on under the present system. That would be a splendid achievement. And the farmers can do it out of the savings effected in handling their grain through their own agency. The western farmers are paying "elevator interests" for handling their track wheat, each year, more than it would take to build terminals.

There is a special reason why farmers should consign their grain to

their own agency this year. As already stated, the Combine sold probably over 20 millions of Manitoba wheat, before August 1st, in Europe for October and November delivery on a basis of \$1.08 to \$1.11 Fort William. They then pounded the market till October wheat reached 95 cents. They are now paying around \$1.00 in store Fort William for cash wheat, and are after the farmer to give them his wheat at that price to fill their sales. If he refuses to deal with them, but consigns his grain to his own agency, the combine has to come to them to get their wheat or forfeit their sales, and they will make them put up the price. You can readily see how much better the manager of the farmer's agency, who has several hundred cars to sell and who knows the "game," can deal with these gentlemen than the individual farmer who has perhaps one or two cars, and who knows nothing of the tricks of the trade.

I feel assured that, did the farmers understand the situation, they would not be misled by the wiles of the elevator interests. Relief from the combine is in sight if our people loyally support their own agency, and strengthen their organisation.

The united farmers can defeat any combination Patten, Peavey and Ogilvie can put against them. They have the wheat, they now have their own agency for marketing started on a successful business basis, and only needs the support of the individual farmer in order to provide an avenue to export their grain independent of the "Grain Trust."

I would suggest that you get at once as many farmers as possible together and talk this matter over. Get enthusiastic in support of our movement and we will win out.

R. McKENZIE, Secretary.  
Manitoba Grain Growers' Association.

## Local News.

Raymond Fair to-day and to-morrow, the 16th and 17th. Don't forget that TABER holds its FAIR on the 30th of this month.

The Bowman Farm, some 6,000 acres in extent, and situated near Chin, has been purchased by the Alberta Securities Co. The price paid was about \$100,000.

WANTED. — A Half Section or more near Taber, on half-crop payments. Owners only apply Imperial Development Company, Ltd., Box 1740, Lethbridge. 47-4f

Mr. J. F. Kramer, our popular C.P.R. agent, received the sad news of his father's death last week, and accompanied by Mrs. Kramer, left on Saturday to attend the funeral at Doylestown, Pa.

All those interested in curling are invited to attend a meeting at the Union Hotel, on Tuesday evening next, the 21st, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of organising a Taber Curling Club for the coming season.

Ching Lung has bought from Yuen Hoi and Yuen Jim, Lots 5 and 6, part of a sub-division L.S. 11 12 and 13, Section 7, Township 10, Range 16, West of 4th, Province of Alberta. This land was sold to Yuen Hoi and Yuen Jim by Mr. H. F. Annable.

Miss Witherspoon, of Regina, has arrived in town to take charge of the millinery store which is being opened up here by the Misses L. and J. McLean, the well-known millinery firm of Lethbridge and Medicine Hat. We refer our lady readers to their advertisement in this issue.

Mr. Henry Hudson, one of our local contractors, has just returned from the farms of Messrs. W. Algrum and W. B. Weeks, where he has been occupied in the erection of two up-to-date dwellings for these gentlemen. Their locations are about seventeen miles south east of town.

The town ought to be tickled at the price obtained for its debentures. How many people know that the amount, \$51,475, is payable in full at the bank here, and not in Toronto or some other eastern city where the matter of exchange would amount to a considerable item. Taber must look pretty good to the financial magnates.

## VICKERY & CO.

General Merchants.



### BLANKETS.

Dark-Woolen, from \$2.35 per pair.  
White " " \$3.50 per pair.  
Comforters, \$2.35 per pair.  
Also Flannelette Blankets, Sheets, (ready made), and a full line of Flannelette and Shooting by yard.  
Cotton Batting, 3 Rolls 25c.

### OVERALLS AND SPECIALS.

Black, without bib, \$1.  
Engineer, blue bib, \$1.25 Smocks to match.  
Strathcona double seat and knees, \$1.45  
Other kinds from 85c. up.

Don't forget the Address, Mitchell st., opposite Town Hall.

## DO YOU KNOW?

We give you free of charge  
Prices on all Estimates.

## YOU WILL MISS IT

If you don't let us figure your bills.

Our Yard is under the Management of Mr. T. G. Zwiesler, who has had large experience in the Business, and you will be accorded every courtesy. Call and

## Let us know

Your wants, and get our Prices on Everything in the Building Line.

Yours for business,

Phone 14. Citizens' Lumber Co.

T. G. Zwiesler, Manager.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PAPER

## ADVERTISE

—IN THE—

## FREE PRESS

BEST Local Advertising MEDIUM

## BANK OF HAMILTON

CAPITAL.....\$2,500,000

RESERVE.....\$2,500,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER THIRTY MILLION DOLLARS

## SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

5% allowed on \$1 and upwards

Special Attention paid to Farmers' Business

Current accounts opened and a general business conducted  
Taber, Alta. W. H. LEACH, Agent

## Richard the Brazen.

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.  
Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Southwestern," etc.

EDWARD PEPPE.  
Author of "A Broken Romance," "The Prince of the Desert," etc.  
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(Continued.)

Meanwhile Mr. Renwick, having scored decisively on Uncle Michael, enjoyed his dinner as a victor should. He was in the best of spirits, not alone because of his triumph, but because of certain cheerful developments which had come to light at the meeting of the stockholders of his new deep water harbor company. He was so elated over his certain success that he cast out broad hints which were mystifying enigmas to all present with the exception of Richard, who understood only too well. To him they meant the collapse of his father's cherished hopes, while he, a dutiful son, was forced to sit calmly and watch an enemy gloat. Dinner was scarcely over when callers were announced. They were old friends of the family, claiming the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Renwick and Miss Harriet, which left the four young people to their own devices. For this Richard thanked the visitors fervently and wandered with Miss Harriet across the lawn, where they seated themselves on a favorite bench and enjoyed a long and uninterrupted chat. Had Uncle Michael been present instead of sulking in his lonely bachelor home he might have had cause to exchange his frowns for chuckles. In view of the fact that a certain young scamp was assuredly making progress. The progress was not of tremendous moment, after all, yet Richard forgot the troublous harbor company and all else, indeed, besides the lady and himself, Miss Harriet in tugging at a rose-bush had wounded her finger with a thorn, and the Texas at once became far more solicitous than he would have been had he himself been gored by the horns of a bull. Richard found it imperative to examine her hurt by the stroke of matches which Miss Harriet struck and held in her unwounded hand. He was a physician, therefore, required a much longer time than he might have taken under more favorable circumstances. At length he was forced to admit reluctantly that neither was there any danger of lock-jaw nor was he studying anatomy, yet as the last match went he applied a remedy by pressing the afflicted member to his lips.

True, Miss Harriet had snatched her hand away, but she smiled in the darkness and was not so displeased. She tried to make this impertinent nobleman think. Nor was the impertinent nobleman half so contrite as he might have been, for Richard's first seat he had bent his head and kissed her hand again on a certain diaphane which had taunted him for several days. His heart was singing now, and the words he set to music were the words of his by his eminent counsel, Michael Corrigan.

If ever you hope to find your joy,  
You've got to brazen it out, my boy,  
For—  
And here the heart's song ended abruptly, for Mr. Renwick was calling them from the steps of the veranda.

"Croyland," he said, "Richard and Harriet have finished your flirtation. I'd like you to come into the library for a quiet smoke. There are three chairs, and you have the young gentleman to yourself all day. You don't begrudge him to your handworking father for an hour, do you? Kiss me and run along to your nest."

The Texas lunged with all his soul to say the name, but was forced to part more formally, at which time bidding good night to the rest of the little house party, after which he braced himself for an ordeal and followed Mr. Renwick into the library, wondering what was coming.

### CHAPTER XIV.

TO the suspicious adventurer the first action of his host was most peculiar, for without explanation he closed and carefully locked the door. Richard's apprehensions were relieved, however, when Mr. Renwick produced a de-caster and cigars, lighted his own pipe, and then lay back in his deep leather chair and laughed till the tears ran down his face. The mystified Texas smoked on for some time, patiently waiting for some explanation of the old man's humor. He could wait quietly, since it was evident from Mr. Renwick's exuberant joy that Richard had nothing personally to fear—that his secret was still his own. After a time his host wiped his eyes with his handkerchief and apologized for his merriment.

"Forgive me, Lord Croyland," he begged; "but, to tell you the truth, I just can't help it. Affairs in Texas are not only drifting my way, but the whole situation has become intensely humorous. Why it is a regular play. OK! Bill Williams represents tragedy, my company will shortly supply melodrama, while a third corporation has appeared on the stage and is furnishing both sides with comedy. Let me explain."

"Do so, I beg you," murmured Richard, striving not to look as uncomfortable as he always felt when this Texas business came up. The financier laughed again and proceeded.

"You mean," stammered Richard, "that you have bought Klawit—that?"

"That, but," protested the crafty old schemer. "True, I bought the gentleman a lunch at Sherry's, together with a few cigars, a couple of cold bottles, and there were some incidental expenses which ran the price of the meal up—well, up into six figures, but beyond that—"

Mr. Renwick paused and smiled. "No one in the slightest age would dream of buying an entire legislature, my dear boy. Horrible! Richard rose from his seat, took a turn up and down the library, then faced his reluctant host.

"Mr. Renwick," he asked, "aren't you looking a little important factor in the game? From what I have heard of him, Bill Williams is scarcely the man to be lying around in a hammock while you are plying through your deep water harbor bill. In my humble opinion, you are going to have a fight on your hands that will make you and me both sweat."

This was the most un-English language which the supposed nobleman had yet employed, but it did not at all offend or make the Texas suspicious. Of Mr. Renwick at that time, owing to his deep interest in the matter immediately in hand.

"All right," he cried, "you've laid your finger on a beauty spot! Of course Williams will fight me with tooth and nail; but, by the Lord Harry, he can't!"

"Why not?"

"Simply because he will not be in Texas when things happen. Richard stared at his host in fear and wonder, while Mr. Renwick continued jubilantly:

"I cannot not have had matters turn out better if I had arranged it all myself. It seems that Willie's foot of a son was up here in—"

"Last own good getting himself smashed up in an automobile accident."

"What, you don't mean?"

"Yes, it's true," said the speculator, looking quickly without Richard's look of astonishment. "Michael showed me a grossly exaggerated newspaper account yesterday's paper. It says he is—"

"Is he—mortally or dangerously hurt?" began Richard, who had in truth forgotten all about the condition of his own son, except his head being in for fear that the man who had assumed his name really might be more seriously injured than any of them had imagined. Richard's heart was not so much indifferent; but, not suspecting Croyland's injuries were serious and being fully occupied with his own enormous scheme, he had not given the wounded ear a thought for days.

"No, no; badly, but not fatally, of course," answered Mr. Renwick. "I sent around to the hospital to see if there was anything I could do for the boy—I'm sorry for him—I've got no grudge against him, except his foolishness in selecting such a father."

"I'm glad to hear it's no worse," murmured Richard, such relieved.

"Do so, sir."

"It struck me at once that things might happen which would serve my interests when the father heard of the sad affair."

Richard glared at his host and ground his teeth in impotent rage at this exhibition of a man who would make capital for himself in a business scheme out of such an accident.

"I'll steal his daughter now without a twinge of conscience," he thought, and he was as much controlled as his thumping heart admitted. "Well, what then?"

The host, who it may be admitted, had no feeling of hesitation at turning the incident to his advantage, however much he might and did deplore it, rubbed his hands and laughed once more in keen enjoyment of the situation, and for opportunity to get the better of his enemy. Mr. Renwick was playing the game cold bloodedly, mercilessly, according to the rules of the street. He would do nothing dishonorable or underhand after the ethics of his kind, but he would have considered himself a fool if he had not availed himself of every opportunity or assistance that fate put at his disposal.

"What then?" he echoed. "Well, Williams did a thing which surprised even me. I have in my pocket a cipher report from one of my agents whose sole business is to watch the opposition. Do you know, Croyland, when the old fellow learned that his son had been desperately hurt, perhaps dying—that's what the dispatch said—he dropped everything, chartered a special train and started north immediately."

"The device you say?" cried Richard, springing to his feet.

"I do," nodded Mr. Renwick, construing his companion's explosiveness as sudden appreciation of the master stroke of business. "He is heading for New York as fast as steam can bring him and is leaving his harbor scheme wide open to my attack; but what I had him beaten anyway, but this makes it a little plainer sailing."

"(To be Continued.)"

The Complaint.  
A magistrate looked at a disreputable specimen of manhood to the dock and turned to the policeman. "Officer," he asked, "what is the complaint?"

"Rheumatism, y'r honor!" exclaimed the prisoner, answering for himself.

Coloring Agents.  
Almost any desired color is imparted to agents by German lapidaries, who warm the dressed stones in a solution of magenta, then coat them with various solutions in which carbonate the sugar, the color being absorbed by the more porous strata.

Fires in Siam.  
In Siam the fires are a plague, and every private soldier in the army must carry daily 1,000 of them.

## BOWSER FEELING BAD

Returns Home Full of Fear and Takes to His Bed.

MRS. BOWSER HIS CONSOLER.

Prepares for the Worst, but the Situation is Changed by the Family Doctor's Diagnosis—Resumes Old Individuality.

(Copyright, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.)

WHEN the Bowsers' sat down to breakfast the other morning Mrs. Bowser found her self without any appetite, and though she tried her best to conceal the fact, Mr. Bowser soon took notice and said:

"No appetite, eh? Well, when I heard that you had been smothering around in the rain yesterday I made up my mind that you would pay for it."

"But I didn't get my feet wet," she protested.

"Of course you wouldn't own up to it. No appetite this morning, and the doctor and trained nurse here. Ever if you live through it you will make me \$200 cost."

"Any one is liable to have a headache now and then."

"Headache! Headache! Woman, don't try to deceive yourself. This is going to be a very serious matter."

"But you regretted that at once, and so there is nothing to forgive."

"Mrs. Bowser," he persisted with quivering lip, "if I was to live my life over again I'd be a better husband to you. Yes, I would. I wouldn't be a bulldozer and threaten divorce and all that. I wish I could live on, just to know how good I could be to you."

"He was petted and soothed and quieted for ten minutes and had almost fallen into a dose when he suddenly said to his wife:

"There's the cook! I had forgotten about her!"

"Well, what of the cook?"

"I die and beg her pardon for finding fault with her cooking. Call her up right away."

"And there's your mother! If you can't reach her on the phone you must write her. I want forgiveness. Do you think she can forgive me for calling her an old cat and a tramp?"

"What is the matter?"

"Mother is a very tender hearted woman, and I think she will even put flowers on my grave. Don't worry about mother. I'll see that she is here in time."

Resumes Old Way.  
"And then there's the butcher and grocer and druggist. I have raised new with them a hundred times over. I don't want to die and have them saying they are glad old Bowser is dead."

"They shall be sent for in time."

How many other things Mr. Bowser would have brought up before gasping his last cannot be told, as the doorbell rang and Mrs. Bowser admitted the family doctor. She may have given him the wink as she bustled in or she may not. Be that as it may, he advanced to Mr. Bowser, felt of his pulse and looked at his tongue and said:

"Come, Bowser, get out of this."

"Don't play the booby. Nothing ails you that a dose of physic won't cure."

"And I'm not going to die?"

"Die your grandmother. You are able to play the booby and shovel over a ton of coal this very minute."

One would have thought, in consideration of his narrow escape from the grave, that Mr. Bowser would have remained humble for at least half an hour, but he didn't. No sooner had the doctor closed on the door than he rose up and said:

"Now, Mrs. Bowser, you can see the difference between a resolute man and a squeamish woman. You would have died half an hour ago, while I am feeling as well as I ever did in my life. Be mighty careful how you upset this house again!"

M. QUAD.

Stranded.  
Comforts Rick One.  
"Do you think I'm going to die?"

"I can't say as to that, but I shall prepare myself for the worst. Of course you can't expect much pity from me. Any man who will slide around in slush and water—"

"I don't want to die!" he interrupted. "No; I don't want to die and leave you all alone. I'm not an old man yet, and we can take a lot of comfort."

"Well, it may be nothing more than a very serious case of typhoid fever, but of course we shall have to have a trained nurse and the doctor coming three times a day."

"Get the doctor here!"

"Get him here at once! He may be able to check this sickness before it gets hold of me."

"I don't know what the telephone and was answered that the family doctor was not in and was not expected back at his office in less than three hours."

Mr. Bowser groaned. Then he went to bed.

## A NEW LINE OF TALK.

Unexpected Experiences of a Drummer in the Case of a Pretty Girl.

"Is his seat engaged?" he asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and, finding that it wasn't, he put his sample box in the rack and braced himself for solid enjoyment.

"Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue unlinked. "Most bewitching day, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; thanks," murmured the drummer.

"What of it?" resumed the girl cheerfully. "You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you better sit next to the window and let me describe the landscape to you?"

"No, please," he murmured. "I'm doing well enough."

"May I buy you some peanuts or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy. Suppose I slip an arm around your waist. Just lean forward a trifle, please, so that I can."

"You'll—you'll have to excuse me," gasped the wretched drummer. "I don't think you really mean it."

"You're not, are you?" she pleaded. "Wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down and I'll tell you stories."

"No, thanks; I won't today. I'm very comfortable, and the poor drummer looked sad and hopeless. "Your scarfpin is coming out. Let me fix it! There," she said, and she arranged it deftly. "At the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you?" And she smiled benevolently right into his pallid countenance.

"I think I'll go and smoke," said the drummer as he heaved down his grip sack and made a bolt for the door—Puck.

Quite Polite.  
They were slight acquaintances, and there was no love lost between them. "Well," said the first grande dame, "by my, I must really be getting on. I have to make a call on my mother."

"You don't put her long gettine and drawled: "Really—ah—you don't mean to say you have a mother living?"

"The first grande dame laughed a high, thin laugh, with something biting, like acid, in it.

"Oh, yes," she retorted on the one who had tried to take her down, "my mother is still alive, and she doesn't look a day older than you do, I assure you."—Sphere.

It Would Not Show.  
That everything should be neat and shipshape is most important aboard a yacht. A writer in the Maritime Advocate tells the story of the captain of a certain schooner who crossed the deck in a hurry, seemingly very much perturbed. A lady stopped him and asked what the trouble was.

"The fact is, ma'am," he said, "my rudder's broken."

"I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under way nearly all the time, no one will notice it."

Not Particular.  
Information Bureau.

Information Bureau Official—Well, young man, what do you want to find out?

Small Boy—What do you know? Woman's Home Companion.

Her Blue Kitchen.  
"You are always talking about your lovely little blue kitchen," they said, "but we see you dining out every night. Do you ever cook in it?"

"Not enough to get tired of it," she said, "and that's the reason I like it so."—New York Press.

Force of Habit.  
"The new singer in the chair pitches all his music so high."

"But you know, he came from a baseball team?"—Minneapolis Journal.

Complaint of the Convalescent.  
When you're sick in bed of something And the sight of a teaspoon When the think of a teaspoon That's to your mind, Nurse will come to you intervals That haven't any length, And it's—Get all now quickly. For you must keep up your strength."

But when you're really better When your spirit is finding When your chest is again longing Is substantially fine, Nurse will bring you a medicine sleep After again, again, again. For you know you are not strong."

Oh, it may be she's an angel— Have thought she was myself— But now I've hungered Is there nothing on the shelf? I want to eat a crackling Or a slice of cold mince pie. Lamentably, by and by, And I'm—Geraldine Mervin in New York Life.

A Quarry.  
"A necklace of diamonds has been stolen from me," said Mrs. Cumros.

"Aren't you going to notify the police?"

"I don't know what to do. It does seem rather clumsy to be robbed of jewelry, and yet I hate to have people think that I've ever won a little thing like a necklace."—Washington Star.



## MY KIDNEYS HURT ME ALL THE TIME

### Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Them. Free Sample Book Leads to Cure.

Only those who have been tortured with kidney trouble can appreciate how a simple remedy can bring relief. Being a railroad man, he was called upon to do all kinds of heavy work. The constant strain of lifting, wrestling the kidneys. I received the sample box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was greatly benefited by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stop without pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and feel like a new man. I am working all the time at heavy work on the railroad and did not lose a day.

"FRANK TRUMPER, Napawa, Ont. Do any twinges catch you as you stop? Do you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago? Does your bladder give trouble? Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is a guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded, send a box for \$2.50. 14 dealers, or direct if you cannot obtain from druggist. Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 117

### A Mystery to Father

"So your daughter has gone to Europe after all?"

"Yes," drawled Farmer Hayseed. "She's been drafted to go to Europe to look after the war. She's a female girl who led dew put ideas into women's heads. Her mother and I never could calculate why she was so set on it. Yurup. She don't know a soul there."

Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Murine Dose's Smart; Sore Eyes Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for illustrated Eye Book. At Druggists.

Miss Gush—Colonel, were you ever in many tight places during the last unpleasantness?"

Colonel Binks—Madam, I have camped in three Cuban hotels—Puck.

It Has Many Qualities.—This man who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is armed against many ills. It will cure a cough, break cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent rheumatism, it will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar.

The Bore—The year 1899 seems to have been a very popular one for birthdays. The Impatient Editor—Yes, it's too bad you didn't utilize it—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

After making a most careful study of the matter, U. S. Government physicians state definitely that the common house fly is the principal means of distributing typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox. Fly Puck kills the flies and the disease germs, too.

Next to saying you are jealous, a girl would rather have you tell her she inspires you to noble things.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale. All the people use it. HARLIN FULTON. Pleasant Bay, C. B.

"How was it Ellen got into such deep water?" "I suppose it was because of her falling off in her bridge play."—Ex.

Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet are easily relieved by the usage of Holloway's Corn Cure in within reach of all.

Because of the scarcity of fuel in Argentina, a copper mining company will build a twenty-mile transmission line to convey only 100-horsepower from a hydro-electric plant.

No other fly killer compares with Wilson's Fly Pad.

The particular fun a woman gets out of writing a letter is forgetting to put in the thing she wrote for, so she can write another.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

The clock of the tower of Columbia University, New York, is said to be the most accurate in the world, varying but six seconds a year.

## MAKING A TUNNEL.

The Way Railroad Engineers Bore Through a Mountain.

Sometimes the construction engineer brings his new line face to face with a mountain too steep to be easily mounted, and then he prepares to pierce it. Tunnels are not pleasant to dig. They are, moreover, fearfully expensive. But they are necessary to a double inspection. But—and the "but," in this case is a very large one—they reduce grades and distances in wholesale fashion, and so in a mountainous country the engineer must be prepared to pierce tunnels and the folk who come after him to operate them. The tunnel job is apt to be a separate part of the work. It calls for its own expert talent.

If the tunnel is more than a half or three-quarters of a mile long it will probably be dug from a shaft or shafts as well as from its portals. In the latter, but the shafts will not only be greatly assisted, but the shafts will be used in use after it is completed as vents for the discharge of engine smoke and steam from the locomotives.

The ordinary course of such work is by the use of cutting shields proceeding simultaneously from the portals and from the footings under the shafts. These shields are to be likened to steel rings of a circumference only slightly greater than that of the finished tunnel. Then working on different levels of this shield with pick and with drill and dynamite constantly clear a path for it, whereupon it is pressed forward. Tracks follow the cutting shield, and more locomotives, steam or electric, are used in removing the material. The use of electricity keeps the tunnel quite clear of gases and makes the safest light for the work.

In rare cases the rock through which the tunnel is bored is strong enough to support itself. But in most cases the mountain needs to be cut through with brick, as a rule, and this thing is set in place right in the path of the cutting shield. After long weeks and perhaps months of work, the shield is in place when the different bores meet and the tunnel is a single underground tube from portal to portal.

## THE AMERICAN WON.

Hobbs Picked All the Locks in the World.

The first world's fair, the Crystal Palace at London, was held in 1851. It was at the Crystal Palace that the American lock was first introduced to the world. Hobbs challenged Chubb, and Hobbs, the American mechanic, carried off the prize as the best lock in the world. He represented an American manufacturer of iron bank safes. He placed his safe on exhibition and tied the key to the combination lock on the outside. Inside the safe was placed \$250, or \$1,250, and the free offer was made, or the prize was to be \$250. Hobbs opened the safe the money contained therein could be taken for their success. The safe was never opened. At the time Chubb was in London, England, and in Europe as a lock-maker. The Bank of England Indorsed Chubb and his locks. Hobbs examined the workmanship of the locks and offered to not only enter the outer doors of the bank of England, but to open all the seven doors leading to the treasure safe, inside of two hours if permission was given. This was too much for the Britishers to take, and they gave the necessary consent.

Hobbs was on hand two hours before the time for opening the doors of the bank arrived and announced himself ready to go to work. All the tools he had carried in his vest pocket, consisting of about twenty pieces. He opened the front door in seven minutes and entered the outer triumphantly. He next approached the outer door of the treasure safe. In six minutes the door opened, and before one hour had passed, half of the time he asked for, he had his hands in the treasure of the bank. He was amazed of the directors of the bank, and to the intense disgust of Chubb, the man of industry and industry. He took his defeat gracefully, however, and soon set to work to improve his locks. This he did by taking Hobbs into his employ as an adviser.

Knew What He Wanted. "Gimme a dime's worth o' dried beef an' sun crackers," said Uncle Josh to the young lady in charge of the ribbon counter in a downtown store.

"You have evidently made a mistake the planter said and millinery replied. "This is a dry goods store."

"Waal, now, I reckon I know'd that," replied the young man. "I've got a dried beef an' crackers tank'd dry goods then I'd like to know what in tarantation you call 'em?"—Chicago News.

A Composite Product. Mrs. Maggie M. Meekman is a splendid example of what a man ought to be. Mr. Higgs—Not on your life. He's a splendid example of what a wife, two sisters and a young man ought to be. A mother-in-law thinks a man ought to be—Puck.

Training Grounds. "Do you consider a college training an advantage?" "Undoubtedly yes. At the same time some of our best ball players have learned the game on back lots."

The Poor Man. She—They say girls can't throw straight, but when a girl throws my glasses I notice she's a pretty good thrower.

He—He recently hit me—Yes—the way mark—Boston Herald.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Headache, Neuralgia, Migraine, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Bladder, and all other ailments of the urinary system. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments.

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## INDIGESTION CURED EVIDENCE IN PLENTY

### Your Neighbors Can Tell You of Cures by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every case of indigestion, no matter how bad, can be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Not only cured, but cured for good. That's a sweeping statement and yet any quack right in demanding evidence to back it. And it is backed by evidence in plentiful evidence among your own neighbors, no matter in what part of Canada you live. Ask your neighbors and they will tell you of people in your own district who have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, of indigestion, palpitation, sour stomach, sick headaches, and the internal pains of indigestion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure because they strike straight at the root of the stomach trouble. They make new blood, and new blood is just what the stomach needs to set it right and give it strength for its work.

Mrs. Geo. E. Whitten, Hatfield Point, N. B., says: "I am glad to see how successful Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are. I have been cured of indigestion, palpitation, sour stomach, sick headaches, and the internal pains of indigestion. I took a great deal of doctor's medicine, but it did me no good. I was in a most temporary relief. About a year ago I was advised to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Before I had taken a couple of boxes I found relief, and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I found myself feeling like a new man. I have a good appetite, good digestion, and a clear complexion. I am strongly recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for this trouble, and advise similar results to no time in taking them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all the troubles which have their root in bad blood. That is why they cure anemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other ailments of the blood. They are a sure cure for all these ailments. They are a sure cure for all these ailments. They are a sure cure for all these ailments.

## WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL.

To All Women: I will send free, with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Prolapse, Menstrual Pain, and all other ailments of the female system. Write to me for a free copy of my book, "The Windsor Lady's Appeal." Write to me for a free copy of my book, "The Windsor Lady's Appeal." Write to me for a free copy of my book, "The Windsor Lady's Appeal."

Many attempts have been made in Germany to isolate the active principle of the product obtained, but in vain. The product obtained approached a state of purity.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

In the Air. Tom—Just saw Miss Welph on the street and lifted my hat.

Dick—And did she respond? Tom—Yes, she lifted her nose.

## How is a Cold To be Cured

When it has reached the chest, it is developing into bronchitis and threatens the lungs. It is a dangerous disease. It is a dangerous disease. It is a dangerous disease.

It seems too bad that there is not more pain and suffering associated with a cold, for then there would be less tendency to neglect treatment.

So gradually and stealthily does a cold pass from its simpler form of a cold in the head into inflammation of the bronchial tubes and then on to the lungs that many do not realize their condition until pneumonia is upon them.

Ordinarily, of course, the cold is thrown off, but with the system run down and weakened there is every reason to expect that a cold will end seriously.

Why should not every cold be taken seriously and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine used before a severe illness is upon you?

There are many reasons why you should use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments.

It does more than this. It cures the cold well as the cough. It is direct, positive and almost specific in action.

Mrs. Geo. Good, Tielhorne, Addison Co., Ont., writes: "It is a pleasure that I certify to the wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for colds. It is the best and surest remedy I have ever seen. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments."

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## NAVAL RED TAPE.

The Result of Having Neither Coffins Nor Graves in Stock.

A case once occurred, which is vouchsafed for by naval officers who were present and who told of it as a case of red tape. A man died on board a certain ship in a foreign port. One of the men was taken sick and on the recommendation of the surgeon was sent to a hospital on shore. The man finally died, and it became necessary to bury him.

The simple and straightforward method had been to call in a local undertaker and have him arrange for a decent casket and a lot in the cemetery. This would be the usual procedure with a business man or ordinary citizen. The regime of economy and reform, however, would not permit of so simple a course. What actually occurred was this:

The surgeon made a requisition on the paymaster for one coffin. Naturally he did not have one in stock and therefore it was forwarded to the fleet paymaster, who also, not being in the undertaking business, had no coffin on hand. The fleet paymaster directed the fleet paymaster to purchase one coffin after obtaining prices from six reputable dealers. The fleet paymaster was to be followed in securing the coffin. The surgeon made requisition on the paymaster for one grave. The fleet paymaster directed the fleet paymaster to procure one grave from six reputable dealers in graves and purchase one from the lowest responsible bidder.

All this, of course, is a screaming farce, but it is the horrible example to show what comes when common sense and experience are set aside to give room for the play of amateur and academic fancy—Engineering.

## KIDNAPING VOTERS.

Once a Regular Feature of Political Warfare in England.

In England a generation or two ago kidnaping was regularly resorted to as a feature of political warfare. On the eve of an election especially men of influence on either side would mysteriously vanish and reappear later with strange tales of forcible seizures, mad races across country in post chaises and other equally ridiculous, followed by longer or shorter terms of gilded imprisonment in great mansions, where they were wooed and dined in sumptuous style, and then released to go to every way, only their liberty being denied them.

Quite humble voters, too, were forcibly abducted and held in custody for a few days. This was done to secure a fair vote for the party in power. It was a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments.

For instance, at a certain Newcastle election a whole shipload of freemen were taken to a house in the middle of the sea, were taken by the captain—who had been heavily bribed—to Ostend and there left stranded. During the same contest, too, and under similar circumstances a number of Berwick electors who happened to be in London were dunned, dragged in Norway, and a group of thirty Irish voters found themselves on the day of the poll cooling their heels away quays at Rotterdam.

## Pleaser Dies in Missouri.

In 1851 there was in Huntsville a man who pulled teeth for 25 cents and a photographer who made daguerotypes at \$1.50 a picture. The first was called "doctor" and the second "professor." They moved in the highest circles, as being the representatives of the law and order. With deer, birds and all manner of game in the woods and fine fish in the streams so cheap that the hunters were sure to find it with it, the grocers did a big business in mackerel, herrings and salted fish. The latter were real dainties, because the better food was so plentiful the pleasers got tired of it.

## Money a Fleeting Joy.

Elmer was very anxious to bring home an Angora cat from Maine last summer. Her mother objected, thinking that the care of a cat from Maine to Connecticut was entirely too arduous a task, so she tried to "buy off" Elmer. "If you will say no more about the cat," she said, "I will give you a dollar to spend in Boston." Elmer looked quite pleased at the offer, but "But mother, how much longer a cat would last than a dollar!"—Delmonaco.

## Getting Ready to Propose.

A train stopped abruptly a few miles outside the little station of Hergata, in Bohemia, and the passengers alighted to ascertain what had happened. They found the guard engaged in shaving the engine driver, who apologized for the delay, explaining that he was about to propose to the young woman in the refreshment room at the next station, and he had no time to complete his toilet before starting—London Standard.

## Seeing is Believing.

Mrs. Brown (to the new maid)—Well, Nora, I hope we shall get along very nicely. I'm not at all difficult to please. "That's just what I thought of every minute I set eyes on the master—London Sketch."

## The Battle is Not to the Strong Alone.

It is to the active, the vigilant, the brave—Patrick Henry.

## A FIGHTING WHALE.

Made Splinters of the Small Boats and Bank the Ship.

Among the tales of the whale fishery told by John R. Speers in "The Story of the New England Whaler" is that of the loss of the *Alexander* of New Bedford. This ship was the "pod" of whales appeared, and three boats were lowered, Captain John R. Speers at the head of them. The whale's boat soon struck one of the "pods," but the monster instantly turned with jaws open, and the men died overboard just in time to save their lives. A moment later the whale bit the boat to pieces.

Captain Deblow at once pulled in, picked up the boat's crew and shifted a part of them to the second mate's boat. Then both the captain and second mate started to attack the whale, which had been busy mauling baling at the pieces of the boat it had destroyed. In the usual course a whale thus engaged would have noticed the approach of the boats for a second attack, but this one had its eyes shut and it was too much for the crew to make out halfway.

Rushing forward with a force and speed that no boat could escape, it grasped the second mate's boat, and it had that of the mate, and literally made kindling wood of it.

When Captain Deblow had once more picked his men from the sea he headed for the ship, and when there he sent the mate to gather up the crew and such other debris as might have escaped the fury of the whale. In his view it was his duty to fill his ship with oil and not to "whale for glory," as persistence in fighting a whale of this kind was sometimes called.

The mate, however, was of more reckless disposition. He sprang upon the whale and thrust a lance into it. Unfortunately, however, he failed to reach a vital spot, and the whale, ignoring the small boat, made a dash at the ship. He struck her abreast of the foremast and crashed in her side. She sank so fast that the crew was unable to secure anything, and they would have perished speedily in their open boats but for the fact that they were picked up by another ship.

## SALTING BABIES.

An Old World Practice That Goes Back to Bible Times.

"Salting" newly born infants, a practice that dates far back to Biblical times, still obtains in many parts of the world. The Armenians in the Russian government of Erivan cover the whole surface of the baby's body with salt. The salt is rubbed into the skin and the baby is then taken with the salted fingers and all depressions, such as the armpits and the bend of the knee, so that no point of moisture is unattended. The unhappy infant is left in the salt for several hours.

The Armenians of some districts, having abandoned the practice, are called "unsalted" and are despised by the others.

The modern Greeks also sprinkle their babies with salt. If an enlightened parent in this practice is ready with the objection, "But if it isn't salted it will be puny and will never amount to anything."

If the salting process is carried on to excess the poor babies don't stand it at all. The skin becomes as red as fire, the child is in danger of death, the child dies in convulsions. It is a mountain tribe in Asia Minor that mercilessly salts its newborn babies for weeks and hours, which shows that the limits of human endurance are wide in some cases. This ancient custom is still in vogue in many parts of Germany, but the rites are merely symbolical. In one district a little salt is rubbed behind the child's ears, and in others a pinch of salt is put on the tongue or a little paper of salt is inserted under the garment. It gives understanding, the people say, and wards off evil spirits.

The action of salt in keeping meat sound no doubt is the reason that this strengthening and maintaining of the child is ascribed to it. The usage became common in eastern countries, and it was not entirely confined to them. The prophet Ezekiel, referring to the degeneracy of Jerusalem, says:

"Neither water thou wast in water to appease thee; thou wast not salted at all nor crumbled at all."

To many oriental tribes this means a grave omission of parental duty.

## Sustaining Life.

Mrs. Andrew Crosse in her "Reminiscences" describes an old nurse at Bromfield, England, who lived to be nearly a hundred. "All her life she had eaten 'a dew bit and breakfast,' a stay in bed, a glass of port, a nutmeg and crummet and a bit after supper, eight meals in all. Besides this it was her invariable custom to mix together all the dainties stuff left after any illness in the house and swallow it on the principle that what had cost money should not be wasted."

## Waldo Was Ample Justified.

Visitor—How old are you, Waldo? Waldo—Eighty-three. Visitor—That's a pretty old age. Waldo—That's just what I thought of every minute I set eyes on the master—London Sketch.

## The Politician.

"Don't you know that no one listens to or reads your speeches?" "Yes," answered Senator Burroughs; "in that way I avoid making enemies."

## Carbon Oil Works, Ltd.

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He Used the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy and found a speedy and complete cure for his trouble.

James River, Antigonish Co., N.S. (Special).—It has again been proved in the case of Mr. Dan McGee, a well known farmer living near here, that backache is only a symptom of kidney trouble, and that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it quickly and completely. "I suffered from backache for two months," Mr. McGee states, "started from a strain and grew steadily worse. I also had occasional attacks of lumbago. I was always tired and at times my eyes were puffed and swollen. In the mornings I had a high temperature. I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and the result is that to-day I am a well man. I advise all persons suffering from backache or lumbago to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. McGee caught his Kidney Disease in his early youth. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it almost at once. Neglected Kidney Disease develops into Rheumatism, Dropsy, Bright's Disease or Heart Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure, any and all of these.

## Extremely Indolent.

Mr. Timbith—What would you say if I threw you a kiss?

Mr. Fyrt—I should say that you are the laziest man I have ever met.

Attacks of cholera and dysentery come quickly, there seldom being any warning of the visit. Remedial action must be taken just as quickly if the patient is to be spared great suffering and permanent injury to the lining membranes of the bowels. The ready preparation for the purpose is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It can be got at small cost at any drug store, or a general dealer and it will afford relief before a doctor can be called.

Small Girl—"Why doesn't baby talk, father?" Father—"He can't talk yet, dear. Young babies never do." Small Girl—"Oh, yes, they do. Job did. You read in the Bible how Job cursed the day he was born?"—Tit-Bits.

## \$100 Reward, \$100.

The makers of this paper will be pleased to hear that there is at least one direct descendant of the old world who is still in the world. The makers of this paper will be pleased to hear that there is at least one direct descendant of the old world who is still in the world. The makers of this paper will be pleased to hear that there is at least one direct descendant of the old world who is still in the world.

## Those Missing Arms.

Venus was telling her friends about her missing arms.

"I lost them in a revolving door while trying to attend a sale of peach basket hats," she whispered.

If allowed to roam over your house those few innocent-looking house-flies may cause a real tragedy any day, as they are apt to attend a sale of peach basket hats.

Mrs. Catt, of New York, has been elected president of the Women's International Suffrage alliance. Dr. J. H. Thomas is a consenting party—Ottawa Citizen.

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It can be rubbed over any paint or varnish except white paint.

It will not rust metal and can be rubbed with a cloth over bed springs if vermin infest the bedsteads.

Has a slightly orange color, which fades in a few days.

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age or weight, mares or geldings.

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**Andrew Jackson's Education.**  
During each winter for two or three years after he had reached the age of seven Andrew Jackson was sent to the old field school of a Mr. Branch. After this he attended the select school which a Presbyterian preacher, the Rev. Dr. David Thompson, taught in the Waxhaws settlement. He appears to have been going to this higher school in the spring of 1780, when the invasion of Tarleton created a panic in that portion of the Carolinas. At some later period of his youth he is said to have attended the old Queen college or seminary at Charlotte a couple of terms, but the time is not definitely known. As to education, therefore, it may be safely stated that Andrew Jackson enjoyed much more than the ordinary advantage of a backwoods boy of his time. At the age of ten he had become so good a reader that he was often chosen to read the newspaper to the assembled neighbors, and he remembered with pride in after years that he had thus had the honor of "reading out loud" the Declaration of Independence upon its arrival in the Waxhaws. For a lad of ten this was, indeed, some thing to remember with honest pride. Thomas E. Watson in Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine.

**Caustic.**  
Recently a weariest looking little mother, carrying a small baby, boarded a street car and took a seat next to two men who were earnestly engaged in conversation. Neither of the men was very handsome, and it must have required considerable nerve on their part to hand out their photographs among their friends unless the pictures had been previously retouched with sandpaper. In a few minutes the baby began to cry with a reliable yell that could be heard above the din of the street habble for half a block, and with a grinning glance at the youngster, one of the men arose and peevishly remarked to his pal: "I think we had better sit over here, Jim."

This ungallant act plainly embarrassed the little mother, but she was equal to the occasion. "It won't do a bit of good to change your seats, gentlemen," said she in a finely sarcastic voice. "The baby can see you quite as plainly over there as he could here."

**A Dying Glass.**  
In the glass collection at the Museum of Art in Dresden, Germany, there is a large drinking cup which stands apart from all other art objects under a heavy glass cover. It is of Delft workmanship, and the inscriptions on its side show that it was made early in the eighteenth century. The vessel is remarkable because it is known in the museum, says a Berlin paper, as the "cup of the dying man," which has been handed down to other objects of glass. On that account it is believed that the cup was used by a dying man, and that the glass is so dark and opaque that it is impossible to see the face of the man who was drinking from it. The glass is so dark and opaque that it is impossible to see the face of the man who was drinking from it. The glass is so dark and opaque that it is impossible to see the face of the man who was drinking from it.

**A Big Calculation In Water.**  
The ocean, sea and lake surfaces of our planet is estimated at something like 115,000,000 square miles, with an average depth of 12,000 feet, and is calculated to contain not less than 325,000,000,000,000 tons of water. The rivers of the earth are estimated to have a flow sufficient to cover this vast cubic miles of the above area each day. Now, if all the oceans were suddenly dried and the rivers could keep up their present rate of flow which, of course, they could not with out ocean evaporation, it would take 2,500 years to refill the basin.

**Companionship of Books.**  
Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable boy when you may talk with kings and queens while this eternal court is open to you with its society quite as the world multiplies as its days, the chosen and the misbegotten of every place and time? Into that you may enter always in that you may take fellowship and rest, according to your wish. Free that, once entered into it, you can never be ousted but by your own fault. —John Herkin.

**Mislead the Pudding.**  
Dinner was laid, but when the mistress started to make a mild remark to the new maid was on the way with her retinue. "Sure," she said, with an irresistible Irish smile as she plucked the cover off the table, "sure, I mislead the pudding, and there I was leaving the house for it, and where would it be after all but in the oven?"

**Shopping.**  
There is nothing there for the tempter than a new hat, as when for him to take like a fresh gawdaw. Ordering new frocks takes a woman out of her self. Let a woman off her shopping and she could make the distance—London World.

**The Patch He Needed.**  
"I stopped short," the "street" said the man who patted himself on being blind, "to get a patch on my shoe."  
"Don't you think," asked his sarcastic companion, "that you began at the wrong end?" —Baltimore American.

**As Usual.**  
Friend—You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did it turn out?—Business Man (weary)—Great success. He's teaching me now. —Chicago Journal.

A man is never so on trial as in the moment of excessive good fortune. —Wallace.

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